Club Sandwich

SPRING 1995 No 73

in this edition...

OOBU JOOBU - REVEALED AND EXPLAINED

A BULL STORY

PERCY GOES DIGITAL ...

... AND SO DOES SUZY

PAUL'S TV AD

REMEMBERING THE PLASTIC MACS

... and a whole lot more

Oobu WHAT?

PHOTOGRAPH: LINDA McCARTNEY

SUE'S LETTER

We initiate 1995, and another round of *Sandwiches,* by revealing a project of Paul's which has been sitting around on the back-burner at MPL, bubbling along quietly, since the early 70s – *Oobu Joobu*. Slowly, *Oobu Joobu* has worked its way forward to the front-burner, and now is finally ready to come off the cooker and out into the world. "And what *is* this *Oobu Joobu?*" you might well ask. Well, it's a unique series of radio programmes which Paul has been working on these last 20+ years, whose content will prove to be fascinatingly original. Also, because the production has spanned Paul's entire post-Beatles career, it mirrors the changes in his viewpoint over that time. Our features OOBU JOOBU, FROM UBU COCU TO OOBU JOOBU and MEET EDDY PUMER (Eddy is the man whom Paul has appointed to produce the series) unfold the story of what it's all about, and you lucky Americans may get the first radio broadcast sometime in the middle of this year.

We continue by checking out the splendid TV commercial Paul has filmed for the Liverpool Institute for Performing Arts, which will open its doors for the first time this autumn. Those with European cable TV channels will be able to judge for themselves what a performance feat of Paul's the commercial is. As for the rest of us, we shall have to base our impressions on the feature PAUL ADVERTISES LIPA and its accompanying stills.

Amongst the other features sandwiched into this issue you will find a new one that is likely to pop up from time to time and is sure to prove a fascinating addition: INSPIRATION, which will unearth some of the sources behind Paul's songs. We kick off by looking at the origin of 'Picasso's Last Words (Drink To Me)' from *Band On The Run.*

Those of you with a keen eye for the unusual will be pleased to know that EMI is about to issue the obscure 1977 album *Thrillington* on compact disc for the first time, and we mark this with an illustrated celebration of Paul's *alter ego* in BACKWARDS TRAVELLER. Going back almost as far, 15 years to be precise, we remember the incredible 'Coming Up' video in MINING THE FILM AND VIDEO ARCHIVE.

We received a shoal of letters from readers thrilled with the exclusive *Club Sandwich* interview with Paul in the winter issue. Now, your questions return to their traditional place in WRITE AWAY, plus we display another selection of your artwork in GALLERY CORNER.

Here in the United Kingdom, the hottest news story of the year has been the fervent demonstrations at seaports and airports against the export of live animals to Europe. Joining in at the front line has been writer and environmentalist Carla Lane, Paul and Linda's close friend, who, at Paul's request, shares her passionate feelings with us in AND IN THE GREEN CORNER. Carla also features in THE RETURN OF RED-STRIPED SUZY, as co-writer with Linda of the song 'The White-Coated Man' which is issued on the American CD *Animal Magnetism*. Juxtaposed with these stories of man's cruelty to animals, though, we give you another perspective with the charming story THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY, written in fairy tale style (although, paradoxically, it happens to be true).

With this issue, as we enter our 19th year, we shall be inaugurating some production changes in the magazine. Firstly, we welcome to our readership members of the Beatles Fan Club of Japan, which is producing a Japanese translation of the *Sandwich*. (This is a very special arrangement for Paul's many fans in Japan, who have requested help with the English text, so don't expect to see editions in other languages!) Also, although our production of the *Sandwich* has been primarily for the members of the Fun Club, it has served a secondary purpose by keeping the media up to date with Paul's activities. However, we have decided to alter our policy regarding distribution of these promotional issues. From now on, these copies will require subscriptions to the Fun Club, the address of which can be found on the back page.

Multi-talented as he is, Paul nonetheless continues to amaze us with his versatility, and he has recently moved into another area: Paul the poet, a natural development from Paul the lyricist. The 27 January edition of the weekly British journal *New Statesman & Society* devoted a page to a selection of Paul's current poems, which I hope some of you saw.

During these past months, although keeping a somewhat low public profile, Paul has been busily working on a number of different projects. Next time, in our summer issue, we'll take you behind the scenes of at least one of these: a special benefit evening which Paul is heading up for the Royal College of Music. Taking place almost as we go to press, it will be something of a departure for Paul from his usual concert format. No time to expand further here, though, so look out for the complete story in our summer issue.

Have a great spring.
'til next time

Sue

PHOTOGRAPH: LINDA McCARTNEY

OOBU JOOBU

To quote a British wartime radio catchphrase, it's time to "pin back your lug-holes" and listen to something fresh, new and very exciting from Paul McCartney. A RADIO series ... with a difference, coming your way soon. Eddy Pumer, the producer of the series, hints at what's to come

PHOTOGRAPH: LINDA McCARTNEY

Summer 1981. There I was, in my office at Capital Radio in London, sitting and chatting to one of the record industry's top promotions men Joe Reddington, thinking that he had developed a speech impediment. I had to ask him to repeat himself again and again. "Oobu Joobu, Oobu Joobu," he kept saying.

Joe was Paul McCartney's promotions man at the time, and I assumed that he'd come to see me about a new McCartney record that was coming out. This was normally why he'd visit: to push into my hand an advance pressing of Paul's next single or album, so that we could bring it to our listeners as early as possible.

Not this time, though. Joe had come along to explain that Paul had an idea for a radio show, and that *Oobu Joobu* was its title. Paul was looking for someone to help produce it and I was flattered to hear that my name had been put into the frame.

A meeting – Joe, me and Paul's then manager, Stephen Shrimpton – was arranged. Just as well: I was dying to know what on earth *Oobu Joobu* was about. When we met, though, I discovered that *Oobu Joobu* was something of a mystery to them too.

A couple of weeks later I received a note with a list of one-line titles – *reggae hi-lite, world music, live spot, record collection, studio rehearsal* and many more. Today, almost 14 years on, with the radio series ready to be unveiled, these elements remain vital to *Oobu Joobu*.

With this list in hand I took down all of the much-played Paul McCartney albums from my shelf and started listening to them again – this time, so to speak, with new ears. What I heard made me realise as never before just how wide are Paul's musical tastes. There were subtleties I'd never appreciated before.

Several new McCartney albums and a world tour or two later I was introduced to Paul at his studio. He had with him a huge collection of records, including some fabulous examples of reggae music. We started to go through his collection, Paul telling me a great story about a shop in Jamaica called Tony's Record Store. Apparently, Tony is about as wide as he is tall – seven foot – and he told Paul

that he had some reggae records composed by Lennon-McCartney, including one titled 'Poison Pressure'. "But we never wrote a song called 'Poison Pressure,'" replied Paul.

Paul bought the record and eagerly took it home to find out what it was. Of course, one listen quickly proved what he already knew – that 'Poison Pressure' wasn't composed by *the* Lennon-McCartney but by another duo of that name. As Paul said to me, "There are a lot of Lennon-McCartney's out there!"

Anyway, we carried on chatting about *Oobu Joobu*, and the type of music Paul wanted to air in his radio series. We talked about everything from a 1920s recording of Pablo Casals playing Saint-Saëns' *Swan*, to the Burundi tribe of Africa and Eddie Cochran – just a small sample of Paul's diverse musical taste.

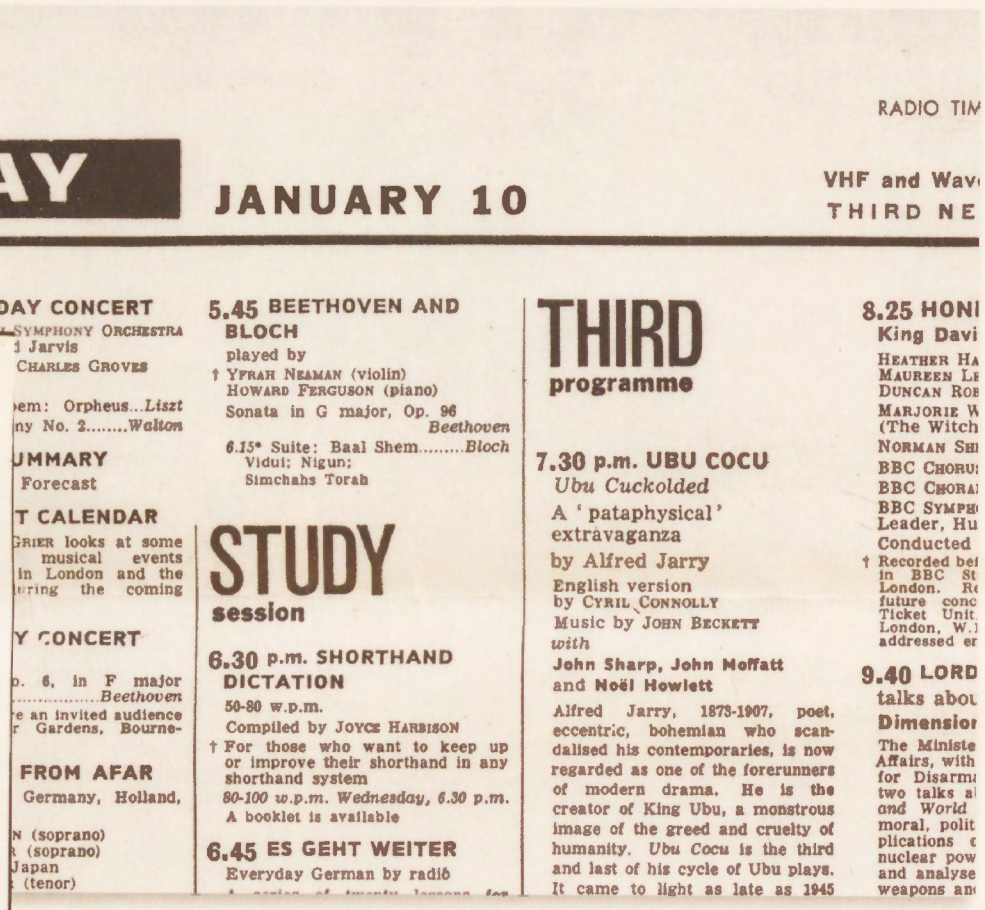
Then Paul played me an unreleased tape of Stevie Wonder and him rehearsing 'Ebony And Ivory'. It was fascinating to eavesdrop on these two master musicians developing a song and crafting out a number one record.

All the while, Paul was expanding on his ideas for *Oobu Joobu*. It was then that I said to him, "This really is 70 millimetre stuff!" and he promptly replied "Hey! *Oobu Joobu* – Wide Screen Radio!" which just about sums up the tremendous scope of ideas and material Paul wants to cram into this, his first ever foray into creative radio.

I was even more excited by our next session: I went along to watch Paul put together the jingle package for *Oobu Joobu*. When he finished recording the main theme he invited Linda and the studio crew to do some chanting. What a buzz that was! The session finished quite late, with Paul putting down the theme's final touches – brass and guitar licks – before mixing it down.

FROM UBU COCU TO OOBU JOOBU - A TRUE STORY

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF MILES



26 RADIO TIM

MONDAY JANUARY 10 VHF and Wav THIRD NE

TEST

12.15 MIDDAY CONCERT
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Jarvis
CHARLES GROVES
em: Orpheus...*Liszt*
ny No. 2.....*Walton*

UMMARY
Forecast

T CALENDAR
GRIER looks at some musical events in London and the uring the coming

Y CONCERT
o. 6, in F major
.....*Beethoven*
e an invited audience r Gardens, Bourne-

FROM AFAR
Germany, Holland,

N (soprano)
(soprano)
Japan
(tenor)

5.45 BEETHOVEN AND BLOCH
played by
† YFRAH NEAMAN (violin)
HOWARD FERGUSON (piano)
Sonata in G major, Op. 96 *Beethoven*
*6.15** Suite: Baal Shem.....*Bloch*
Vidui; Nigun; Simchahs Torah

STUDY session

6.30 p.m. SHORTHAND DICTATION
50-80 w.p.m.
Compiled by JOYCE HARBISON
† For those who want to keep up or improve their shorthand in any shorthand system
80-100 w.p.m. Wednesday, 6.30 p.m.
A booklet is available

6.45 ES GEHT WEITER
Everyday German by radio

THIRD programme

7.30 p.m. UBU COCU
Ubu Cuckolded
A 'pataphysical' extravaganza
by Alfred Jarry
English version by CYRIL CONNOLLY
Music by JOHN BECKETT
with
John Sharp, John Moffatt and Noël Howlett
Alfred Jarry, 1873-1907, poet, eccentric, bohemian who scandalised his contemporaries, is now regarded as one of the forerunners of modern drama. He is the creator of King Ubu, a monstrous image of the greed and cruelty of humanity. *Ubu Cocu* is the third and last of his cycle of Ubu plays. It came to light as late as 1945

8.25 HONI
King Davi
HEATHER HA
MAUREEN LE
DUNCAN ROB
MARJORIE W
(The Witch
NORMAN SHE
BBC CHORUS
BBC CHORAL
BBC SYMPH
Leader, Hu
Conducted
† Recorded bel in BBC St London. Re future conc Ticket Unit, London, W.1 addressed er

9.40 LORD
talks abou
Dimensior
The Ministe Affairs, with for Disarm two talks a *and World* moral, polit plications c nuclear pow and analyse weapons an

Alfred Jarry with his patacyclical solution

You've probably heard this stuff before: Paul watches a Bach concerto one evening on television and sees the trumpet and trumpeter he realises will grace and uplift a new song he has on the blocks, 'Penny Lane'. Paul reads an article about The Who and is inspired to have the Beatles record the wondrous and raucous 'Helter Skelter'. Paul reads a tear-jerking newspaper account of a runaway girl and writes the majestic 'She's Leaving Home'.

To the list can now be added this latest item: Paul hears a production of Alfred Jarry's *Ubu Cocu* on BBC radio and, close on 30 years later, unveils a radio series – his first, no less – called (not coincidentally) *Oobu Joobu*.

Surprised? Well, there were some clues for us all...had we known what to look for.

For a start, there was the word "pataphysical" dropped into 'Maxwell's Silver Hammer' (on the last-recorded Beatles album, *Abbey Road*). This was no made-up word – at least, it wasn't made up by Paul. The science of "pataphysics", invented by Jarry for Faustroll, one of his literary creations, could best be defined as "the science of imaginary solutions", and followers of Jarry's work formed the *Collège de Pataphysique* to preserve the science and ensure that its author was never forgotten.

So, "Joan was quizzical, studied pataphysical science in the home" was no nonsense line.

And remember *Rupert And The Frog Song*? This award-winning McCartney film was produced and directed by animator supreme Geoff Dunbar (he's since worked with Paul again on 'Once Upon A Long Ago' and *Daumier's Law*), and Paul was drawn to Geoff because of *Ubu*, a film Dunbar directed in 1980 based on Alfred Jarry's fictional character.

Paul's interest in *Ubu* can be traced back to Monday 10 January 1966. The Beatles were between albums, between tours and enjoying their first real break away from work. At 7.30 that evening, whilst driving from London to Liverpool, Paul switched on the car radio, to what was then known as the BBC Third Programme, and heard an hour-long production of *Ubu Cocu*, also called *Ubu Cuckolded*, a play which only came to light after Jarry's death in 1907. The broadcast captured Paul's imagination so much that he soon went along to London's newest bookshop catering for the "underground" and ordered a copy. This happened to be Indica Books, a venture run by Paul's friends Miles, Peter Asher and John Dunbar, which Paul had help finance and set up. (It was also here, in Indica's downstairs art gallery, that John Lennon met Yoko Ono later the same year.) Then, in the summer of 1966, Paul went with Miles to the Royal Court theatre in London to see a new production of *Ubu Roi*, designed by David Hockney and starring Max Wall as Père Ubu.

"But just who was this Alfred Jarry chappie?" you might be asking. (But probably aren't.) Born in 1873, Jarry was one of the founder writers of the modern movement which led to Surrealism, Dadaism and the Theatre of the Absurd. Ubu, a man of immense greed and selfishness, was Jarry's most famous creation, and first appeared in *Ubu Roi* in 1896. *Ubu Enchainé* and *Ubu Cocu* followed, but Jarry – who haunted the cafés of Bohemian Paris – then died early, aged just 34, having drunk himself to death on absinthe. (Clearly, not a case of absinthe making the heart grow fonder.)

Now, almost 90 years after Jarry's death, his muse strikes again with Paul McCartney's *Oobu Joobu*, inspired in every sense by that pataphysical "science of imaginary solutions".

MARK LEWISOHN

The first radio programme was compiled over the following weeks and we went back into the studio to record Paul's between-item links. This session ended up in hysterics, Paul holding multi-character, multi-voice anecdote-crammed conversations with himself, doodling on the guitar and discussing his musical tastes.

On completing this first show the blueprint had been set for the series, since when an enormous amount of time and effort has gone into the production of many more *Oobu Joobu* programmes. They're exciting, they're innovative, they're very unusual. You'll get to hear odd bits of music, weird bits of interview, off-the-wall audio collages and never-before-heard Paul McCartney music – demos, unreleased studio tracks, the lot.

If you're thinking that this sounds very exciting, you're right. If you're thinking "But I never heard about this before", you're right again. *Oobu Joobu* has been one of Paul's best kept secrets, conceived and assembled over more than 20 years with not a single word mentioned about it in the media.

Don't worry about my arithmetic, by the way, because I've not miscalculated. While it's true that it's 14 years since *I* first got involved with the delightful *Oobu Joobu*, the series has been on the blocks for much longer. One of the unreleased songs we air in the series, actually called *'Oobu Joobu'*, was first recorded by Paul around 1973.

So, Ladies and Gentlemen, after something like 22 years in the making it's about to come your way: *Oobu Joobu*, the radio series with a difference. As we go to press plans are afoot for it to premiere on coast-to-coast US radio in the coming months. To paraphrase the late Joe Orton, it's time to prick up those ears!

MEET EDDY PUMER

Paul McCartney has needed a special person to put together his *Oobu Joobu*. Someone who could keep the project secret, working effectively but quietly. Someone who, as a musician himself, has an affinity not just for Paul's music but for *all* music. Someone who can be trusted and who knows enough about radio to make the project come together with that medium firmly in mind.

Paul found the man, and Eddy Pumer is his name. His is the job that thousands, if not millions, will envy: the man with access to the riches of Paul's tape archive, who has been given licence to enter therein and select some pearls for the world to savour.

It's a position of no little responsibility, and it could scarcely have gone to a nicer man, for Eddy Pumer is a rarity in what has become a somewhat cut-throat, corporate business. He is an honest, hard-working, polite individual, dedicated to his work and to music, and liked by all.

He even appeared once on *Top Of The Pops*, and you can't say fairer than that.

This was when Eddy was guitarist/songwriter with a British band called Fairfield Parlour. They had previously been known as Kaleidoscope, releasing what might be loosely labelled as "psychedelic music" on singles and albums which, remarkably, now sell on the collectors' market for somewhere in the region of £20 and £100 respectively.

This cult status did little for the band at the time, however, and they broke up. Pumer moved into radio, joining London's Capital Radio around the time of its 1973 launch. Here he produced music sessions by visiting bands, and DJ programmes for the likes of Kenny Everett, Alan 'Fluff' Freeman and Tony Myatt, and helped launch the career of Kate Bush by being the first producer to broadcast and champion her debut single 'Wuthering Heights'.

Eddy left Capital in the early 1980s and joined Music Box, the pan-European version of MTV, as music director, then returned to Capital for three more years, producing Chris Tarrant and other DJs and a series of programmes featuring George Martin.

Life got particularly interesting in 1986, when Eddy Pumer was invited by the rock guitarist Duane Eddy to help produce his next album. Eddy Pumer had known Duane Eddy for some years and had been a fan for much longer – which is why his first name is spelled E-D-D-Y (and why this paragraph is such a confusing read). Mr Pumer (it's probably easier to call him this) promptly put Mr Eddy (ditto) in league with a hot combo of the day, the Art of Noise, and this unlikely collaboration resulted in a high-tech revival of Duane's classic 'Peter Gunn' – a top ten smash.

Other sessions took the guitarist and his producer to play with George Harrison and Jeff Lynne and then, thanks to Mr Pumer's *Oobu Joobu* connections, down to Paul McCartney's studio for a rebel rousing re-recording of Paul's 'Rockestra Theme'. So successful was this that the track was the lead single off the album, released by Capitol late in 1987. "It was a wonderful session," enthuses Mr Pumer. "Paul wrote a new middle-eight for the track, in order that Duane could pluck on that famous E string. We all had a lot of fun, and then went back again the next day to see Paul mix it. It was quite a thrill."

After four years at another of London's commercial stations, Melody Radio, Eddy is now freelance, composing music for TV commercials, TV programmes and for his wife Roberta's educational and charity videos.

And, of course, there's *Oobu Joobu*, which has been keeping Eddy Pumer particularly busy of late. A self-confessed McCartney fan who names such relatively obscure tracks as 'Let Me Roll It', 'The Other Me' and 'Little Lamb Dragonfly' among his favourites, and who saw Wings in concert several times, Eddy Pumer is thrilled to be working so closely with Big Mac. "Paul is one of the great entertainers," he says. "He hasn't lost anything; he's gained more and more. All that incredible music and great energy...even when I hear Paul doodling in the studio with a guitar something magic comes out of it.

"I'm a very lucky guy because I'm working not only with music, my first love, but with the very person who, to me, is the finest composer in popular music. Every time I hear 'For No One' what few hairs I still have on the back of my neck stand-up. Paul's contribution to the music industry is incalculable, and to be working on *Oobu Joobu* is a dream come true."

MARK LEWISOHN

Left: Eddy Pumer (front centre) with Paul, Duane Eddy and fellow Rockestra revivalists, 1987.
Above: EP and Kate Bush, 1978.

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

(or THE CRATE ESCAPE)

A true fairy story, told by Geoff Baker. Are you sitting comfortably? Then he'll begin.

Once upon a time, not that very long ago, there lived a young bull in a land known as Kent.

Like all the young bulls who were his pals, he liked to wander in his paddock by the water meadows, munching at the lush green grass and slurping at the old water trough with his large pink spongy tongue.

All was well in the paddock until one day a big grey truck arrived, coughing clouds of thick black exhaust that made the little bull shy away into a corner of the field, where he huddled with all his pals. The truck was not like anything they had seen before. It had no windows in its sides, just slits to let only a very little light in, and at the back of it there was a large ramp that sealed it up like a coffin box.

As the little bull watched with unblinking big brown eyes, two men sprang from the truck, lowered the ramp and began marching towards the huddle of pals, waving sticks and shouting loudly. The little bulls cowered back into the corner of the field, trying to make themselves as small as they could be. But the men kept marching forward, still shouting and scaring them.

Waving their sticks and shouting even more loudly, the men began to herd and push the bulls into the back of the truck, smacking them with the sticks when they hesitated.

But the little bull didn't want to go into the truck. He could smell the truck and it smelled of fear. He could smell that other bulls had been inside the truck before, and he knew that they'd never come home again. So when one of the men lunged at him, cursing and yelling, the little bull ran off towards the prickly hedge that hemmed the paddock. The man ran after him, shouting louder then ever now and brandishing the stick that smacked.

Suddenly the little bull knew what he had to do. He had to get away from the men and their big grey smelly truck. And so, with a big heave, he forced himself through the prickly hedge, too frightened to care that it hurt, and out onto the lane that ran alongside. Then, kicking his little hooves against the ground that was much harder than the meadow had ever been, he ran and ran like he'd never run before.

The little bull ran down the lane until it came to a wide, wide road with cars racing up and down it. The cars honked and beeped at him, much louder and more scarier than the man in the meadow yelled, and although the cars frightened him as they swerved and honked and braked and screeched, he kept running and running as far and as fast as he could from the men with the big grey truck.

Suddenly, as he ran down a quieter lane, the little bull felt there was something following behind him. He stopped and turned and there was a big blue car driving slowly behind him. The little bull ran off again, trying to lose the blue car, but it kept following him, driving slowly, although – the little bull realised – not peeping or honking like all the other cars.

The little bull tried to hide from the blue car and ran off the road into the driveway of a nearby house. But, when he turned to see if the blue car had driven past, he saw that it had parked across the driveway, so that he couldn't run away again.

The little bull grew frightened once more, worrying whether the shouting men with the smacking sticks were in the blue car. But when the car door opened and a man stepped out he saw that this man wasn't like the shouting men. He realised this because the man didn't shout. This man talked to him in a soft, warm voice, the sort of voice that he'd never heard before. And when this man put out his hand, it was to pat the little bull and not to smack him with a stick.

The next minute a lady appeared. She looked at the little bull in the driveway, so the man with the soft, warm voice asked if the little bull belonged to her. The little bull knew he didn't and heard the lady say so. She also told the man that she'd been trying to catch the little bull because she was worried that he might get hurt running in front of cars.

"Well, I'm late for work," said the man with the soft, warm voice. "I'm *very* late for work. But I can't leave him here all alone. So I'll wait with him a while."

Just then, another car drove up and a man like the men in the field with the sticks that smacked got out. The little bull tensed, as this man had a loud voice like the men from the big grey truck.

"He's a bloody stupid beast," said the new man, loudly. "He's escaped from his paddock. He's burst through every hedge and fence for three miles. He was meant to be going the market and now I'm going to take him back there."

The little bull didn't know where market was, but he knew he didn't want to go there in the big grey truck. He didn't want to go *anywhere* in the big grey truck and he grew afraid again.

Then he heard the man with the soft, warm voice – whose name was Paul – speak again.

"I'm not so sure that he's stupid at all," said Paul.

"I don't think he's stupid because he's crashed through all these fences and run all this way and out of all the people in the country that he could meet, he's bumped into me. No, he's not stupid.

"And because he's bumped into me, I want to buy him. I want to rescue him."

"Oh, you'll never hold him in a paddock," snorted the man who knew the men from the big grey truck.

"I'm not so sure about that," said Paul. "I don't think he'll be a problem ever again."

And the little bull knew he was right. So he went with the man with the soft, warm voice whose name was Paul. He went to a paddock in a new place where there were no smells like the smell of the big grey truck and where there were no men with sticks that smacked. And there he was a good little bull, as docile as a baby. He didn't try to burst through fences or run away. Instead, he let Paul lead him around like the pet he'd become.

And Paul called him Ferdinand, not "beast", and said he was the luckiest, pluckiest bull in Britain today.

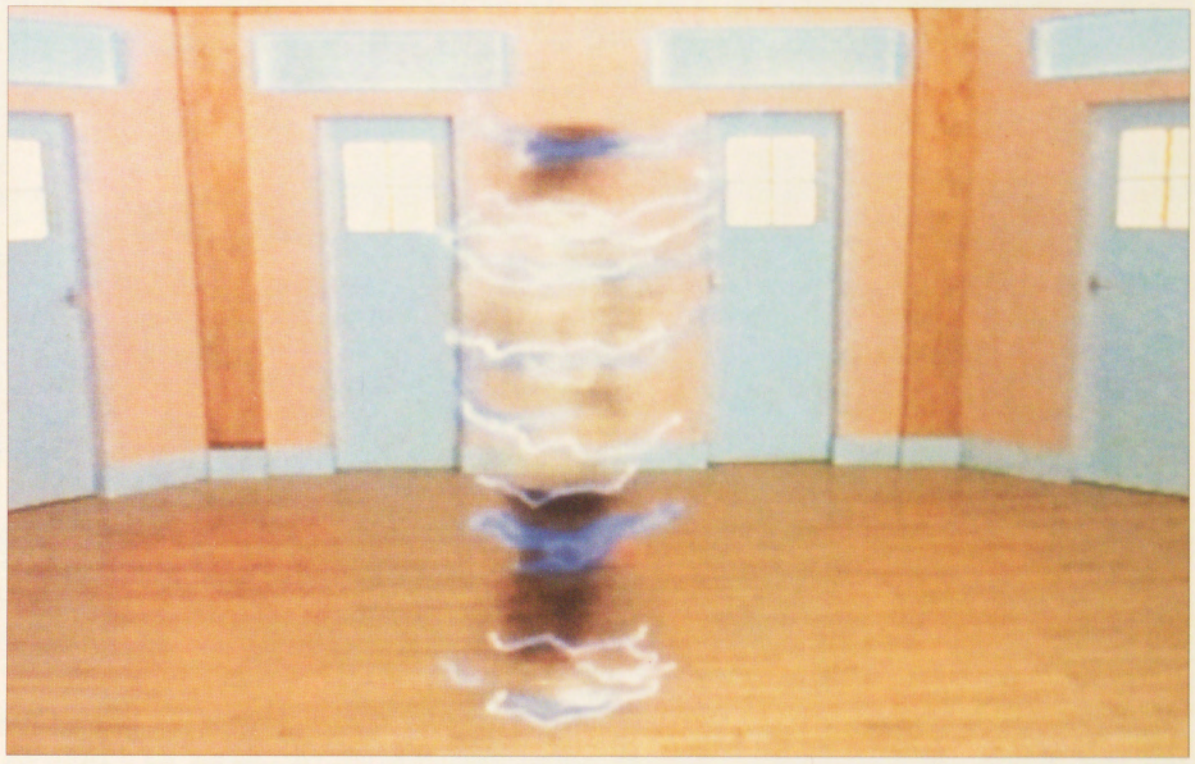
And he is.

And this is all true. It happened just before Christmas 1994.

PHOTOGRAPH: LINDA McCARTNEY

PAUL ADVERTISES LIPA

This is LIPA's big year – the school opens for business in the Autumn – so Paul has "gone that extra mile" and filmed a TV commercial, as Mark Lewisohn reports



It's not something he does every day – in fact, we can think of only two previous occasions* when he's done it at all – so make a note of this: Paul McCartney has just made a TV commercial. Oh, and it will be screened in the cinema too. (And that *is* a first.)

For such a departure you would expect the cause to be a just one, and so it is. After years of planning and energetic fund-raising, LIPA, the Liverpool Institute for Performing Arts, Paul's brainchild, will welcome its first students just months from now. So it's time to go out and get the customers.

In other words, now is the time to act. (And sing, dance, etc.)

The theme of the commercial absolutely underlines LIPA's *raison d'être* – that, while inevitably it will be dubbed "a Fame school", students will be able to study an enormous range of performance-related topics at the Liverpool Institute. People at drama schools study how to act, but at LIPA they can also learn how to understand business contracts, how to work a lighting desk, how to set up equipment, how to take a show on the road and how to conquer the many other practicalities and realities of the ever-changing modern entertainments industry.

So, in the TV commercial, by means of rapid-fire editing and the merging of images, Paul appears as a Shakespearean actor (all tights and ruffles), singer (indicated by a microphone), dancer (kneepads and dancing shoes), set designer (plans and brushes), lighting man (spot the light) and manager (telephone). Role by role, he takes on the accoutrements of these various occupations until, by the end, he's the master of them all – quite literally, since the final image is of Paul as a schoolmaster with mortar board and gown.

The shooting, and the recording of Paul's voice-overs, was done start-to-finish on 11 October last, in a small TV studio in Battersea, south London. Paul showed up in the morning and worked through until six, having to spend almost as much time in costume and make-up as he did front of the cameras. (Shades of 'Coming Up' here.) There was no time for lounging around, nor was the studio particularly warm and comfortable, but a good and creative day was had by all.

The commercial was directed by Bryan Loftus, who made the Pioneer ads with John Cleese (which were humorous in a similar way), and was shot on film owing to the fact that a slightly longer edit (40 seconds rather than the 30 seconds TV version) is being shown in German cinemas. Why Germany? Because the advert has been paid for by Grundig, LIPA's title sponsors, and the company is keen to publicise the project outside of Britain, where fewer people know what LIPA is.

The ad can be seen also on the European cable TV channels MTV, Eurosport and Viva, and it ends, incidentally, with yet another landmark: a snatch of 'C'mon People'. Except for tour commercials, this is the first time that Paul has permitted the use of one of his own recordings for a TV advertisement.

Because, as we said, the cause is certainly a just one.

* Wings filmed special footage for a TV commercial in 1975 to promote *Venus And Mars*, and Paul made another in 1987 for *All The Best!*

MISS PENELOPE TELFER-SMALLETT Percy Thrillington wishes to state that Mr. Percy Thrillington is not amused by bogus phone numbers and fictitious phone numbers and wishes to inform his dear friends that his telephone number has not changed and remains unlisted. Thank you. Never. time more fail. JUDE.
PERCY THRILLINGTON wishes to advise his friends that he will be cruising off Montluc, and will be incommunicado for 3 days. BOOKKEEPER/ACCOUNTANT. See Finance & Accountancy. WATERCOLOUR WORKSHOP.
PERCY THRILLINGTON will be attending the Torquay Relaxation Centre for three days as from Saturday, March 5. UNWANTED—LOST. Daily they
PERCY THRILLINGTON regrets that he will be unable to join Lady Metroland's party at the R.O.H. performance of The Taming of the Shrew. WEIGHT WATCHERS.—Many con-
PERCY THRILLINGTON regrets he will be unable to attend The Newbury Hunt this weekend due to prior commitments. MANAGER/ESS req'd for St. Kath- Yacht Haven. See Gen.
PERCY THRILLINGTON wishes to advise friends that he is feeling thoroughly invigorated by the crisp and brisk skiing conditions in Gstaad.
PERCY THRILLINGTON is delighted with the efforts of those connected at The Yellowplush Gallery to humour his aesthetic needs. FOR DIRECTOR.—Chelsea
PERCY THRILLINGTON wishes to announce that, comforted by his specialist's verdict regarding his condition, he has departed, all smiles, for Yorkshire. PROPERTY DEVELOPMENT com-
THRILLINGTON (not Percy) ad of Monday achieved success. After some forty phone calls the last one took place at 2.46 a.m. Tuesday morning.—Ha ! Ha !
PERCY THRILLINGTON will be exploring a day of retreat at his Mayfair residence, following his recent frenetic and frustrating experiences. ON CORONATION DAY? BORN somebody who was. BBC
PERCY THRILLINGTON implores all readers to adapt their daily bath routine in the cause of Health and Happiness week. Five minutes a day of bath-bumping works wonders for sleek posteriors. Your participation is invited. BEAUTIFUL NAILS in London —see Businesses for Sale. —Advances in treat-
ECCENTRICITY is not one of my stronger attributes, dear ladies in classified, but however many thanks for your support and to Mr. Stephen Clackson, my much valued privacy. Regards. Percy Thrillington. BE A GOOD NEIGHBOUR
PERCY THRILLINGTON will be spending the morning with his tailor discussing plans for his spring wardrobe and taking luncheon at his club in Pall Mall. DOHA, QATAR. Surveyor and Engineer required.—See Middle st Appts., Friday, April 1st,
PERCY THRILLINGTON will be attending tonight's production of Don Giovanni and awaits with eager anticipation a stimulating performance from Miss Hayashi. YOUNG SKIPPER for Raft sloop in South East Asia.—See General
INDIA TEA CEN Oxford St. Exhibition fantastic leather bags. PERCY THRILLINGTON, despite excessive demands on both social & business time, hopes to lend his support to today's Daffodil Ball. SECRETAIRE de Direction.—See Secretarial Vacancies. PRINTING.—Join proposed
PERCY THRILLINGTON trusts that all his friends will not be offended by today's little japes, to which he had no choice but to succumb, on account of his liking for schoolboy pranks. SORRY, SMITH, me personally. Try again. Contact
PERCY THRILLINGTON—See overseas properties. ward to meeting old school chums at The Canada Club dinner REWARD ! Do you have Holiday Accommodation available in UK Holidays.
HAVING TRAVELLED extensively, Percy Thrillington wishes to comment that the early morning faces of commuting Londoners are amongst the most unhappy he has seen anywhere in the world. In the cause of Health & Happiness Week, would all readers please smile warmly at their immediate neighbours. Thank you.
PERCY THRILLINGTON announces that his new Happiness Week is to be vigorous personal routine will each morning and will commence single-handed with 20 alternating press-ups. Please read details, tomorrow for further BURSAR, Beechwood Park Prepara-
PERCY THRILLINGTON has been studying form, and is confident that he has picked a winner for this weekend's activities at Doncaster. TWO REPS for N.E. and S.W.
PERCY THRILLINGTON is of no interest to him whatsoever. PERCY THRILLINGTON come home to Ireland—Tom Foolery. SEEKING: Descendants of George David Hobson (died 1858) and Hobson Bros. Tailors.
IT HAS COME TO THE ATTENTION of Percy Thrillington that the general physical condition of the majority of London's residents is quite deplorable. He intends setting a personal example by taking a morning jog through Hyde Park. All other interested parties are asked to gather at the Bayswater Fountain, at 1.30. Sorry PONTEFRACT. Try nothing local. Oklahoma ?
A PINK CAT willu outs Blue Cat R. PERCY THRILLINGTON regrets he was unable to attend due to prior commitments. Hunt last weekend CROWNED KING. See
PERCY THRILLINGTON will be deeply irritated by the curtailment of his apres-ski enjoyment and is currently returning overland by Private ambulance. PSYCHOLOGY THERAPIST. HYPNO- Appts. Cent. years.
PERCY THRILLINGTON wishes to thank Sir Jeremy Matthews-Flitch and his party for a simply riveting evening at the Opera. PRINCESS MARY'S Own Gurkha Rifles. The Regimental

BACKWARDS TRAVELLER

A jolly jape, a wizard wheeze – just two of the epithets which could have been applied to the *Thrillington* album project. Could have been, *should* have been, but weren't.

Recorded in 1971 and released in 1977, amid if not a cloak then at least a yellow plastic cape of intrigue, Percy "Thrills" Thrillington was to prove Paul's most enduring pseudonym. Indeed, he only came clean 15 years later, right here in *Club Sandwich*. (We may not be quick but we're still first with the news, folks.)

Now everyone's favourite bandleader from Baton Rouge has gone digital, with a Spring re-release on compact disc of his only known vinyl exploit. To mark the occasion, we present herewith the result of a successful archival rummage for Thrillingtonana.

Take it away, Percy.

In a remarkably varied career, Paul
Exclusive to *Club Sandwich*

For a great many McCartney fans the big question of the past 15 years is: were you PERCY THRILLINGTON?

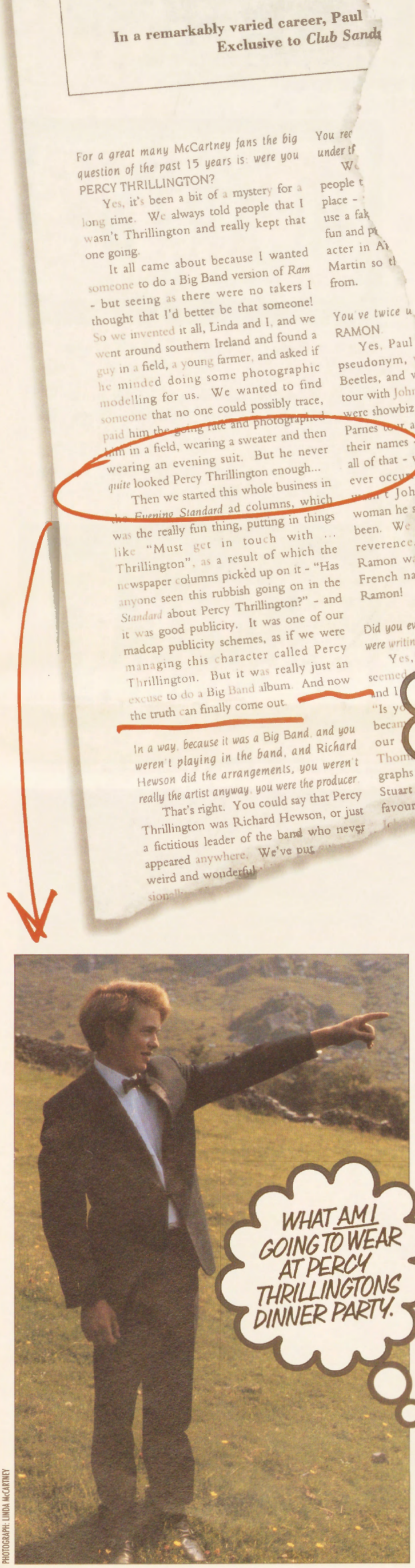
Yes, it's been a bit of a mystery for a long time. We always told people that I wasn't Thrillington and really kept that one going.

It all came about because I wanted someone to do a Big Band version of *Ram* - but seeing as there were no takers I thought that I'd better be that someone! So we invented it all, Linda and I, and we went around southern Ireland and found a guy in a field, a young farmer, and asked if he minded doing some photographic modelling for us. We wanted to find someone that no one could possibly trace, paid him the going rate and photographed him in a field, wearing a sweater and then wearing an evening suit. But he never *quite* looked Percy Thrillington enough...

Then we started this whole business in the *Evening Standard* ad columns, which was the really fun thing, putting in things like "Must get in touch with ... Thrillington", as a result of which the newspaper columns picked up on it - "Has anyone seen this rubbish going on in the *Standard* about Percy Thrillington?" - and it was good publicity. It was one of our madcap publicity schemes, as if we were managing this character called Percy Thrillington. But it was really just an excuse to do a Big Band album. And now the truth can finally come out.

In a way, because it was a Big Band, and you weren't playing in the band, and Richard Hewson did the arrangements, you weren't really the artist anyway, you were the producer.

That's right. You could say that Percy Thrillington was Richard Hewson, or just a fictitious leader of the band who never appeared anywhere. We've put ... weird and wonderful ...



PHOTOGRAPH: LINDA McCARTNEY

BUT DARLING DOESN'T EVERYONE KNOW PERCY THRILLINGTON.
The inimitable Percy Thrillington is now ready to announce his new orchestral album featuring the RAM songs of Mr. Paul McCartney.
"Thrillington"
mpl

THE AFTER DINNER CONVERSATION AT PERCY THRILLINGTON'S WAS SIMPLY RIVETTING.

Evening Standard

47,351 London: Friday March 18, 1977 6 7p

The perambulations of Percy Thrillington

PERCY THRILLINGTON wished to advise friends that he is feeling thoroughly invigorated by the crisp & bracing mid-Alpine conditions in Gstaad.

PERCY THRILLINGTON wishes to thank Sir Jeremy Maclhews-Percy and his party for a simply riveting evening at the opera.

PERCY THRILLINGTON wishes to advise his friends that he will be cruising off Mustique and will be incommunicado for two days.

PERCY THRILLINGTON wishes to announce that today he has given up smoking and craves support from all his friends.

By Stephen Clackson

PERCY THRILLINGTON is alive and well and living in the country. But he has been gadding about somewhat, hence frequent messages in the personal columns of the Evening Standard and The Times.

Percy, dear boy, merely wants all his masses of chums to know where he has been.

Astute readers of the personal ads will know that the past few weeks, since St Valentine's Day to be exact, Percy's life has been frenetic.

Slipped

He's been to Rio de Janeiro. Mustique (of course) and recently informed us through this rather public medium that he was enjoying the invigorating air on his Swiss skiing holiday.

What he hasn't bothered to tell us is that while being invigorated at Gstaad he slipped rather dramatically and broke a rib.

That is why he will not personally be attending Christie's sale of Old Masters today. He will be represented by someone chosen by his secretary, Penelope Telfer-Smallett.

PERCY THRILLINGTON has postponed all business engagements in order to spend time with a dear friend in Geneva.

The Times is getting used to the calls. Every day, it seems, curious readers and others telephone demanding to know more about this man.

Up in Classified there they firmly believe in him. He really does live in the country, they say, and then, very quietly, "We think he's a bit, well, eccentric, but don't quote me, will you?"

On to Cream an advertising agency in Kensington . . . The lady who deals with Mr Thrillington is not there but yes, he does exist and it is a bit odd, isn't it?

Thrillington, however, is not a common name and those with an absurd memory for the trivial irrelevancies of life may recall that in 1971 the newly-formed McCartney Productions signed as their first artist one Percy Thrillington, an Irish bandleader.

The girl at McCartney giggles a bit at Percy's name and refers our call to publicist Tony Brainsby.

He has a file on Percy "Thrills" Thrillington. The biography makes good reading. Percy was born in Coventry Cathedral in 1939.

PERCY THRILLINGTON wishes to advise all concerned that he will be represented at the Christie sale of Chinese Ceramics by Miss Penelope Telfer-Smallett.

Studied music for five years in Baton Rouge, "on the trot", mastered his trade in Los Angeles, and then came to London to fulfil his life's ambition.

Aided by his great and unexplained wealth he formed an orchestra.

He lives in a flat in Curzon Mews and at a Manor House near Newbury (no full address, can't have fans coming to tea) and although elusive may attend the Cheltenham Gold Cup.

Aided by the efficient Penelope he has slaved, between trips, over the last six years producing a long-playing record of some of Mr McCartney's music.

PERCY THRILLINGTON is keenly interested by the excitement of his après-ski enjoyment and is currently returning overseas by private ambulance.

In case the picture isn't coming any clearer yet the record—it's a pity but it had to be something like that, didn't it?—is due to be released soon.

Hence the ads "Oh no," says Brainsby bravely, "he really just likes to keep in touch."

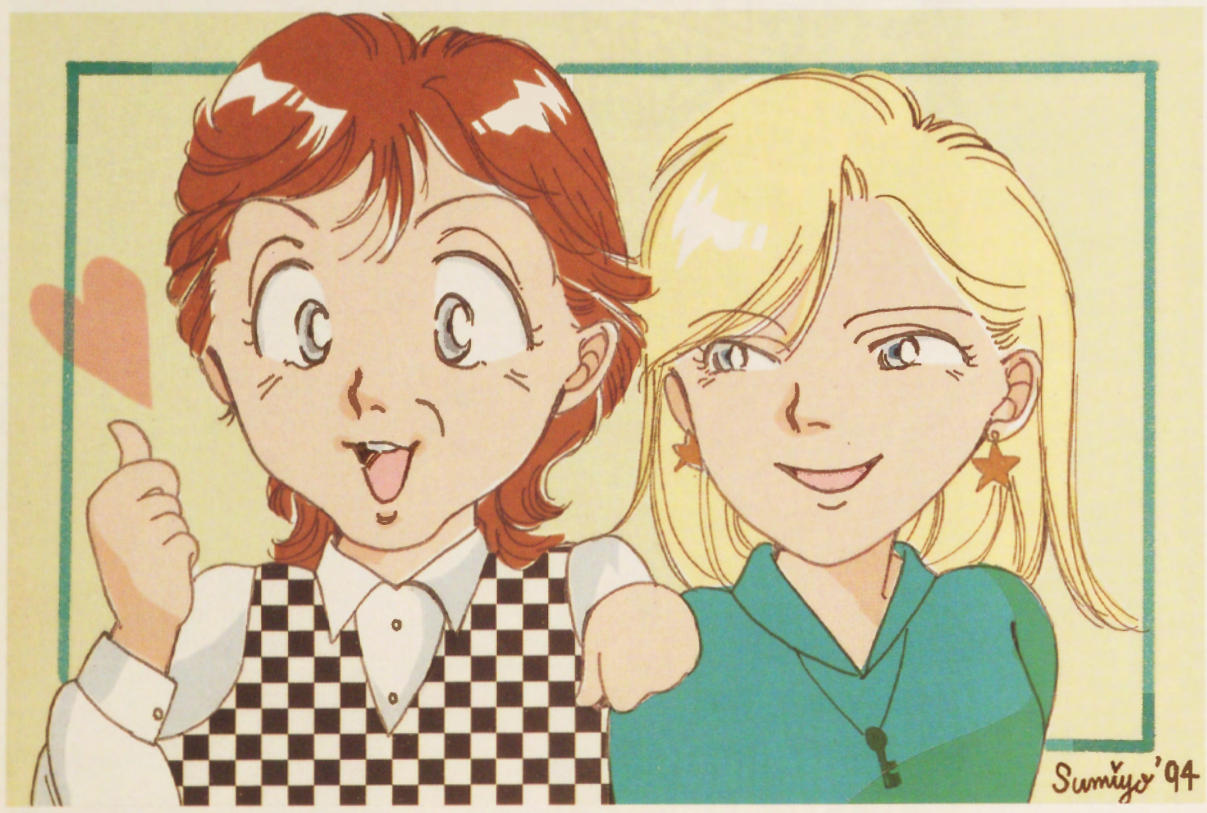
And by way of an afterthought remembers to add that Mr McCartney is very proud that someone of Percy's calibre should have troubled to make a record of his compositions.

● Today's instalment — Page 16.

Sir Harold: I had

GALLERY CORNER

Another selection of items recently supplied by you to us



by Sumiyo Omori, Sayama-Shi-Saitama, Japan

from Tom Bowowski, Fanwood, NJ, USA, who writes

"If any Paul fans see me driving by in the metropolitan New York/New Jersey area give me a honk"

from Diane Johnson, Jackson, MS, USA, who writes

"I've had several people stop and ask me 'Is that *the* Macca?"

PHOTOGRAPH: LINDA McCARTNEY

THE RETURN OF RED-STRIPED SUZY

She's back, after all these years. Spotted on a new CD for charity, Suzy has teamed up with writer, environmentalist and friend Carla Lane to record a new song with a very important message, as Mark Lewisohn reports

The cause, as one might expect, is impeccable. I mean, who really agrees with the cruel treatment needlessly meted out to entrapped animals in a laboratory? And who really thinks that jamming living animals into a crate and sending them hundreds of miles by road, air or sea is still a seemly thing to do?

Two people who, you can be certain, strongly disagree with these saddening and maddening realities of the late 20th century are Carla Lane and Linda McCartney. (Carla, for those who live beyond Dover's white cliffs, is the writer of some of the finest sitcoms seen on British TV over the past 25 years, such as *The Liver Birds, The Mistress, Butterflies, Solo, Luv* and *Bread*. She has also penned the "Green Corner" piece in this issue of *Club Sandwich*.) What Carla and Linda have in common, as well as a long lasting friendship, is a love of animals and a passionate hatred of man's abuse of its fellow Earth creatures.

This friendship and mutual concern has now been extended into the recording studio with the release of a song co-written by the pair, 'The White-Coated Man', on *Animal Magnetism*, a various-artists CD issued (so far only in America) to benefit two laudable organisations, PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals) and PAWS (Performers for Animal Welfare) In Harmony Foundation. The recording is credited to Suzy and the Red Stripes, and if you think you've seen that credit before you're right: it was the moniker adopted by Linda when, during the Wings period of the 1970s, she and Paul recorded and released a single, 'Seaside Woman'.

But 'The White-Coated Man' started out life seven years ago, in 1988, as a poem, not a song, as Carla Lane recalls. "I picked up my pen, suddenly, in a fit of passion, and wrote a couple of pieces – 'The White-Coated Man' and 'Cow' – and happened to mention this to Linda and Paul. Linda asked to see them so I sent them to her, imagining that she was simply going to read them, but then she rang to invite me to the studio the following Monday. I went along and the first thing I heard, when I got out of the car, was the wonderful strains of Paul playing a musical version of 'Cow'. I thought, 'What a lovely tune!' and then, when I went inside, I heard this wonderful music being set to my poems. I couldn't believe it. We then proceeded to have a wonderful day putting the tracks together."

The finished recording, produced by Suzy and the Red Stripes and remixed by Eddie Klein and Alvin Clark, has been arranged in a style not dissimilar to another Suzy track of long ago, 'The Oriental Nightfish' (which was the soundtrack for a short film but was never released on disc), and features Linda's lead vocal interspersed with spoken verses by Carla. The result is a touching track that pricks the conscience and tugs at the heartstrings.

It's also a result that greatly pleases Carla Lane, who comments, "I've been fighting against cruelty to animals for 15 years, and getting a message across in poetry is an important method. But getting it across in *music* is so much better. I just want the word spread – *cruelty to animals is wrong* – and this song does it very well indeed."

PETA, Box 42516, Washington DC, 20015, USA

PAWS In Harmony, Box 533511, Orlando, Florida, 32853-3511, USA

THE WHITE-COATED MAN

Through the bars, the morning light
What is this feeling? Why can't I move?

Some time today they'll set me free
I'll hear a voice and it will be my friend
The white-coated man

Where is the wind? Where are the leaves?
What happened? Why this pain?

Some time today they'll set me free
I'll hear a voice and it will be my friend
The white-coated man

If man wants life and eternity
Then man must pay, and man must see
That we are theirs to mind.
For man is the voice, man is the law
If man gets sick he'll find a cure
Our friend, the white-coated man

In the distance people are laughing
Do they know about me? Why can't I see?

And they will pay, the silent ones
And they will pay, the silent ones will pay
The silent ones will pay...

L. McCartney/C. Lane
© MPL Communications Ltd, 1988

PHOTOGRAPH: DAVID HISCOCK

MINING THE FILM AND VIDEO ARCHIVE

It's coming up: a fond look back at one of the best remembered of all Paul McCartney videos

COMING UP

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LINDA McCARTNEY

Let's face it, we're dealing here with a man who has made more promotional videos than virtually anyone else in the business. We're dealing with someone who, with the Beatles, essentially pioneered the art of the modern short film/video clip as a promotional tool. We're dealing with someone who has had *the* top directors lining up to work with him.

We're dealing with Paul McCartney, and, in this feature, one of the best – if not *the* best – videos he has made, 'Coming Up'.

Now, we're not trying to age you or anything, but you probably first saw this video *fifteen* years ago, when its cleverness and trickery not only surprised audiences around the world but also turned the heads of people in the video-shooting business.

(And it still looks great today.)

If, by some chance, you don't remember it, then the photographs accompanying this feature will already have reminded you – 'Coming Up' is the video in which Paul played ten different parts, and Linda two, all of which were combined, *seamlessly*, into a single performance. Granted, we may be familiar with such fancy techniques in 1995, but we were not so familiar with them in 1980, when, to remind you of how *un*sophisticated we were, the CD had still to be invented, the domestic VCR was in its infancy and, as Douglas Adams noted in his *Hitch-Hiker's Guide To The Galaxy*, man thought that the digital watch was *it*.

The video's multi-character concept came about, of course, because Paul had played all the parts on the studio recording. As the reasoning went, why not go the whole hog and play all the parts in the video too? Why not indeed? Once the director, Keith 'Keef' Macmillan, confirmed that it could be done effectively – albeit by means of a computerised lighting technique never previously tried out – they set to work.

(Again, to underline the point, computers in 1980 bore almost no relation, certainly no *visual* relation, to the computers of today. The one used to drive the lights in 'Coming Up' was probably about the size of a battleship and only marginally less manoeuvrable.)

After a good deal of preparation and set design, shooting took place over two days at Ewart's TV studio in Wandsworth, south London, on 26 and 27 March 1980. Those were *long* days, as Keith Macmillan recalls. "We started at 10 in the morning and finished at about 4 the following morning, working something like 18/20 hours each day. I don't quite know how we did it, actually, and it would frighten the hell out of me to do it like that now. But what's amazing about Paul is how much stamina the man has, even at three o'clock in the morning. I'd be dying on my feet and he'd still be at it, saying 'I can do it better, let's do a re-take!' The man has extraordinary energy."

This was not the first occasion that Paul had turned to Keith for some direction. (In the video sense, that is.) The other Mac had already notched up 'I've Had Enough' (1978), 'Goodnight Tonight' and the eight new videos for inclusion in the *Back To The Egg* TV special (all 1979), and he would later add 'Waterfalls', 'Ebony And Ivory' and the award-winning 'Pipes Of Peace' to his CV too. "What used to happen," says Keith, "is that I'd get a call from Paul – 'I've got a new single coming out, I'd like to do a video, let's have a chat about it' – and I'd go see him. Then we'd brainstorm it, indulging in what I call 'creative hooliganism' – I used to come up with some ideas, Paul would too, and we'd knock them around: costumes, concepts, everything – and some good pieces of creative work would result. Then we used to go away and do it. I really enjoyed working in that way, it was like a meeting of minds."

The multi-character idea for 'Coming Up' meant that Paul spent much of 26 and 27 March 1980 rushing in and out of the costume and make-up departments, being transformed from Paul 1980 to Paul Beatle circa 1965, Hank Marvin, Ron Mael, Dave Gilmour, Andy Mackay and a rogue's gallery of other musicians, some pastiches, others not.

The band was named The Plastic Macs, and this moment of wittiness summed up the humour of the entire production, for, as Keith Macmillan explains, humour was one of two vital factors that made the video such an outstanding success. "There are some wonderfully funny little bits in the video," he observes. "I love the moment where the saxophone player goes out of sync with the others, then notices it and they exchange a little look between them. Paul did this deliberately – it was his idea, and a very, very good one. Also, the eye contact between the guitarists – they look at each other, their arms go up, the guitars swing up – it all adds to the feel of the thing, pretending that this really is a whole *real* band."

Clearly, Paul has an acute sense of timing on camera, for the video is full of little nods, winks, acknowledgements and reactions from one musician to another and yet, to repeat the point, they're all Paul. This meant that he would be nodding, winking, acknowledging and reacting to a blank space beside him with split-

second precision. And no one was shouting out instructions – he just knew when to act.

"Putting together the video may have been technically very difficult for me," affirms Keith, "but it was *mind-bogglingly* difficult for Paul, being in all those different characters and always having to remember where he was in the song. Like, he had to *remember* that on one specific beat of the song his Dave Gilmour character would turn to the Hank Marvin character as a response to what 'Marvin' had done a second earlier. We even did an across-the-line shot of the four sax players. This meant that there were four layers of video tape with Paul keeping three of them perfectly in sync and deliberately making the dippy one at the end go out of sync. If Paul had have moved early at one any point in any of the takes it would have gone wrong. It had to be on that beat, on that bar, and no one was telling him when to turn – he simply knew. It was Paul's ability to make it happen that made the comedy, and I have to say that, from my memory, and it is 15 years ago, there weren't many times when we had to re-shoot something."

Beatle Paul and Director Keef

The other outstanding factor was the lighting. Making such a multi-layered video was hard enough in itself, but a McCartney/Macmillan idea to have the lighting constantly changing made the job much tougher. "We could have made the video far more easily without the light changes," says Keith, "but, with them, the end result came across more like a real performance video, where the lights do change almost constantly. Yes, it made the task far more difficult but it also made the end product far more realistic. The light changing made the trick work, it made it magical.

"It was a technique I'd been developing for some time, and this was the culmination of it. In fact, I don't thing I ever bettered it, except possibly when we created the illusion of putting Paul and Stevie Wonder together on the same piano for the 'Ebony And Ivory' video. *[That's another story for another time - Ed.]* Ewart's had one of the first computerised lighting desks, which enabled us to put marks on the playback tape to trigger the lighting to change in the same way however many times we did a shot. So each time we added an element, with Paul in a different guise and costume, the lighting in that segment would be the same as it had been the previous time, so that when I layered it all together it really worked."

For those who like to know such things, the shot of the entire stage, with all the musicians, is a composite of nine different images: 'Ron Mael' with Linda as the male backing singer, 'Beatle Paul' with Linda as the female backing singer, brass player 1, brass player 2, brass player 3, the out-of-step brass player, the drummer, 'Hank Marvin' and 'Dave Gilmour'. "There's nothing out of sync, and you can't see any joins," insists director Macmillan. "Although there are all those edits you can't see them, not even if you freeze-frame or look at the video in slow motion. Even the *shadows* work! There's not a shot I would change if I was doing it today. OK, so we had to shoot the whole song *endlessly*, over and over and over again, but it was all worthwhile."

There are other little touches that make the video really work. For example, Macmillan shot every character in close-up, then mid-shot and then, for the backgrounds, shot them again out-of-focus. So when you see Paul as the lead singer you can also see, if you look hard enough, movement behind him, out-of-focus – and that's Paul too. "There's even a shot of Paul's feet that we used, and Paul did that," says Keith Macmillan. "He didn't use a stand-in, he wanted to do it all himself."

Fifteen years on, how does Keith Macmillan rate the 'Coming Up' video now? "I made 621 rock promo videos," he says, "and it's one that I am particularly proud of. The great thing about this video is that it's so sympathetic to the song, as any good music video should be. OK, it's just a performance video but it's also got humour, it's got magic – the viewing audience knows that it's all Paul but there's still that element of 'how are they doing it?' – it's shot and cut quite simply and has the added strength of using traditional telly language. I think it really works."

And his memories of the time? "I just remember really enjoying it. The crew were too. And after it went out on *Top Of The Pops* I got calls from BBC engineers asking how we'd done it. It was a real first, especially with the lighting changes."

And was The Man Himself pleased with it? "Undoubtedly," says Keith. "He had to be enjoying it to get that *joie-de-vivre* across. He was *very* pleased with it. We all were. I think I slept for a week after we made it, but it did the job: it's fun, it's entertaining and I'm very proud of it."

And so say all of us, Keith, and so say all of us.

AND IN THE GREEN CORNER

When arrested time and again during the years of Civil Rights struggles Martin Luther King Jr used to say that it cannot be a crime to break what is so plainly an unjust law. It also used to be against East German law to cross from one side of Berlin to the other. Unjust laws, rules and regulations – enacted for years longer than necessary (if they ever were so) – have been much in the British news this year over the export of live animals to mainland Europe. Willing to raise her voice and speak out against this barbaric trade is writer Carla Lane, who offers here an argument to counter the right-wing tabloid headlines decrying "mob violence" but not the trade itself

So now we have an animal activist locked up for 14 years.

He was said to have in his possession the means to make explosives. This, combined with the fact that he was a known "animal person" who had already been in jail for damaging a slaughterhouse, created the need for a sentence twice as long as that given in the same week to a woman who beat a young girl to death.

"Good," the world shouts. "A menace to society," they cry, as the learned judge, allegedly a member of a Hunt, puts Keith Mann away.

But he has not silenced the passion.

Now, before you accuse me of condoning violence, let me say that I am not an animal activist and I belong to no group or society. My weapons are words, and my question is: shouldn't we be asking *why* this man, described as quiet and gentle by all who know him, has been driven to allowing his sorrow to consume his freedom? Shouldn't we be asking: "What has he seen? What is going on in those dark sheds where he and others are found trespassing and vandalising?"

Or is it that deep in our guts we *know* what is going on because we are that voracious animal nicknamed the *consumer*? A great deal of what we stuff our bellies with comes from those dark sheds and no-one must make us openly aware that we are a part of it.

Cruelty to animals is now more than just a faint cry – it is a heartbeat throughout Britain and the world. Our conscience is shifting uncomfortably at the sight of a week-old calf or lamb being borne away in a slatted truck, at the sight of all the grossly overfed turkeys hanging pale and bloodless on our butchers' rails, at the sight of supermarkets carpeted with bits of dead animal, the aseptic wrapping designed to show the culinary aspects and hide the tragedy. But not from Keith Mann.

"A man who hunts a fox and watches it being torn to bits by his dogs is law abiding, but the man who tries to stop this obscenity is a criminal"

He has acquainted himself with the true horrors. When he views sausages and beef and chops he sees utter fear, he sees trusting faces walking towards a bloodbath, he hears the sounds of the slaughterhouse, and he can't believe that people can so coldly buy and eat the end products of the nightmare.

He is not alone. There are millions like Keith Mann. Most keep their anger and frustration hidden, some shout, and a few others campaign and spread the word. A growing number cannot cope with the emotions of what they know, and it is then that the fine line between the acceptable and the unacceptable is broken. After all, to be hurt by the knowledge of cruelty and to want to put an end to it is highly commendable, but the law lies low when it comes to other animals and for some it is impossible to divide their feelings. A man who hunts a fox and watches it being torn to bits by his dogs is law abiding, but the man who tries to stop this obscenity is a criminal. Only because cruel men say so. This is why we must listen to these animal activists, who have much higher perceptions than the law, and who sometimes may do foolish things.

We must listen because they will always be there and they will grow in numbers and a new kind of terrorism will be born. The difference being that when the reasons for this particular terrorism are properly revealed, it is more likely to be understood, if not to promote compassion.

And unless the hunters, the factory farmers, the scientists and those others in the ever widening cruelty game, clean up their act, they are going to find themselves without their most important commodity – the consumer.

PHOTOGRAPH: LINDA McCARTNEY

Carla Lane

WIN A YEAR'S FREE SANDWICHES

Other newspapers and magazines tempt their readers with holidays in the sun or a night out at the theatre. We go one better and offer three of you the chance to have your Sandwiches free for a whole year. Imagine: you might not go hungry (for fun-filled information) for a whole 12 months.

Yes! You can win a free year's subscription to your favourite organ, *Club Sandwich*. Simply send us your answer to the following question and you might be one of the three lucky winners.

What make is Paul's famous violin-shaped bass guitar?

Entries on a postcard please to THE SPRING SANDWICH DRAW, THE PAUL McCARTNEY FUN CLUB, PO BOX 110, WESTCLIFF, ESSEX, SSO 8NW, ENGLAND.

Here beginneth the compulsory small print stuff: multiple applications will result in disqualification; do not use your postcard to convey any other Fun Club or *Club Sandwich* request or information; sorry, but no personal correspondence can be entered into.

INSPIRATION

Seeking out the spark behind the song

The origin of 'Picasso's Last Words (Drink To Me)' on *Band On The Run*

Pablo Picasso's Last Days and Final

DEATH holds no fear for me," Picasso recently told a friend. "It has a kind of beauty. What I am afraid of is falling ill and not being able to work. That's lost time." Right up to the end, Picasso lost no time.

The day before he died had been a day like many others at Notre-Dame-de-Vie, his hilltop villa at Mougins on the French Riviera. Late in the afternoon the artist had taken a walk in the little park that surrounds his sprawling stone house overlooking the reddish foothills of the Maritime Alps. He liked now and then to gather flowers and vegetables in the garden, often taking them inside to draw. "That day I showed him the anemones and pansies, which he particularly liked," recalls Jacques Barra, Picasso's gardener.

Later that evening Picasso and his wife Jacqueline entertained friends for dinner. Picasso was in high spirits. "Drink to me; drink to my health," he urged, pouring wine into the glass of his Cannes lawyer and friend, Armand Antébi. "You know I can't drink any more." At 11:30 he rose from the table and announced: "And now I must go back to work." In recent weeks, he had been working especially hard, preparing for a big show of his latest paintings at the Popes' Palace in Avignon in May. On this night, before he went to bed, he painted until 3 a.m.

On Sunday morning Picasso awoke at 11:30, his usual hour, but this time he could not rise from his bed. His wife Jacqueline rushed in and then called for help. At 11:40, before a doctor could get there, Pablo Picasso was dead. Dr. Georges Rance, who arrived shortly afterward, attributed his death to a heart attack brought on by pulmonary edema, fluid in the lungs.

At daybreak on Tuesday, as an unseasonable snowfall blanketed the south of France, a small cortege left Mougins and carried Picasso's body to his 14th century château at Vauvenargues in the bleak Provençal countryside. Accompanying the body were Picasso's widow; her daughter by her first marriage, Catherine Hutin; and Paulo, 52, Picasso's son by his first marriage to the Russian dancer Olga Koklova. After the

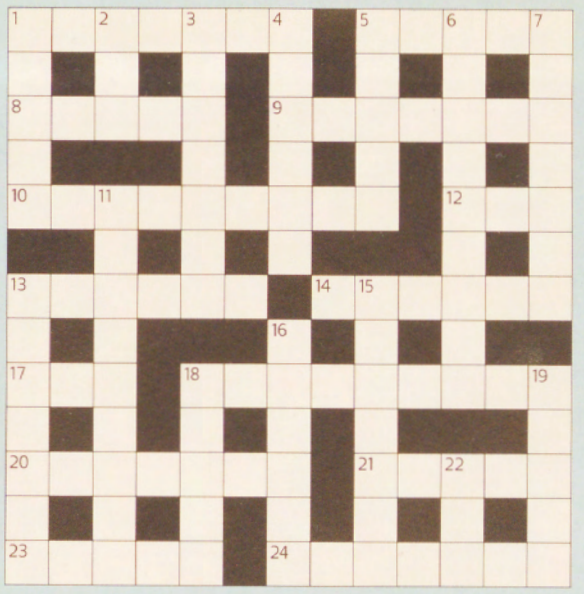
[illegible] with[illegible] châte[illegible] a maus[illegible]

But from thre[illegible] had cloude[illegible] marred his d[illegible] tirely clear, M[illegible] his longtime n[illegible] Walter; and Cl[illegible] children by Fra[illegible] prevented from [illegible] cent years. Last[illegible] uation prevailed[illegible] lice were on han[illegible] Thérèse and othe[illegible] to pay their resp[illegible]

Later that [illegible] Paloma drove[illegible] placed a large[illegible] in the cemet[illegible] château. "That[illegible] ther as we coul[illegible] sad. The whole[illegible] cate." The next[illegible] 24, of nearby [illegible] ed in serious co[illegible] bottle of [illegible] moth[illegible]

from *Time*, 23 April 1973. © Time Inc

SPRING CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1 Faithful sort of piano? (7)
5 Orsino's food of love (5)
8 Antic, jape (5)
9 Regularly occuring melody (7)
10 Tortilla left in broken-down hacienda? (9)
12 Flightless bird (3)
13 Nursery for very young children (6)
14 English county and a horse-drawn four wheeled carriage (6)
17 Section of a curve (3)
18 Shakespeare's dream–time? (9)
20 16th President of the USA (7)
21 Background actor (5)
23 Songs, music etc for a film or stage-show (5)
24 Painted backcloths in a theatre (7)

DOWN

1 Pawnbroker? (5)
2 Style of rock music with a strong beat and words recited rather than sung (3)
3 Food decoration (7)
4 Scottish plaid pattern to denote clan (6)
5 Sicilian secret organisation (5)
6 Percussion instrument fitted with wires that produce rattling sound (5-4)
7 Period of 100 years (7)
11 In music, a gradual increase in loudness (9)
13 Ray _____, blind American singer and pianist (7)
15 Stringed instrument which, in Hawaiian, means *jumping flea* (7)
16 Handsome youth loved by Aphrodite (6)
18 North American elk (5)
19 With preparations complete (5)
22 Terminal projection of foot (3)

SOLUTION TO THE CHRISTMAS MACCAGRAM

TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE
CHRISTMAS WHEN ALL
THROUGH THE HOUSE NOT
A CREATURE WAS STIRRING
NOT EVEN A MOUSE

Hidden words: SILENT NIGHT

WRITE AWAY

Your chance to get questions answered

Q

I recently saw a video of Paul singing 'Don't Get Around Much Anymore' and 'Lawdy Miss Clawdy', and playing a short instrumental jam on stage with an unknown band. (Unknown to me, at least.) The announcer spoke in Italian. Could you please tell me what this TV programme was and when it was recorded?
Andrea Barany, Hungary

This would be Paul's appearance on *The Last Resort With Jonathan Ross*, broadcast live, as it happened, on Channel 4 in the UK on 27 November

1987. (Incidentally, from the same studio where Paul had made the 'Coming Up' video seven years earlier, as featured in this issue's Video Archive piece.) Paul went on the show to promote *All The Best!* and its single 'Once Upon A Long Ago' but opted to perform the two old rock numbers which could be found on the B-sides of the 'OUALA' twelve-inch singles. Paul was backed by Ross's "house band", led by Steve Nieve, keyboard player with Elvis Costello's Attractions. We're at a loss to explain the Italian connection (although Jonathan Ross's English can sometimes be open to interpretation!) but suspect that the show was sold to Italian TV by C4.

Q

There is a lot of blank tape at the end of my copy of *Off The Ground*. I'm wondering if this is where 'Big Boys Bickering' would have gone and, if so, why certain copies of the cassette are missing that song. I've never had a chance to hear it.
Mary Little, Washington, USA

While there is indeed a good deal of empty tape at the end of the *Off The Ground* cassette this is not because a song was left out at the last moment. Quite simply, it was decided to put eight of the album's 12 songs on side A of the tape, leaving only the remaining four for side B, whereas on the vinyl album the songs were divided six a side. It had long been decided that 'Big Boys Bickering' would not form a part of *Off The Ground* but would instead be issued on the 'Hope Of Deliverance' single.

Q x 2

Where was the lovely shot of Paul on back cover of the Summer 1994 *Club Sandwich* taken?
Jim Trawicki, Texas, USA

I guess the picture on the back cover of *CS70* was taken in Italy. If I am right, where?
Daniel Ingusci, Italy

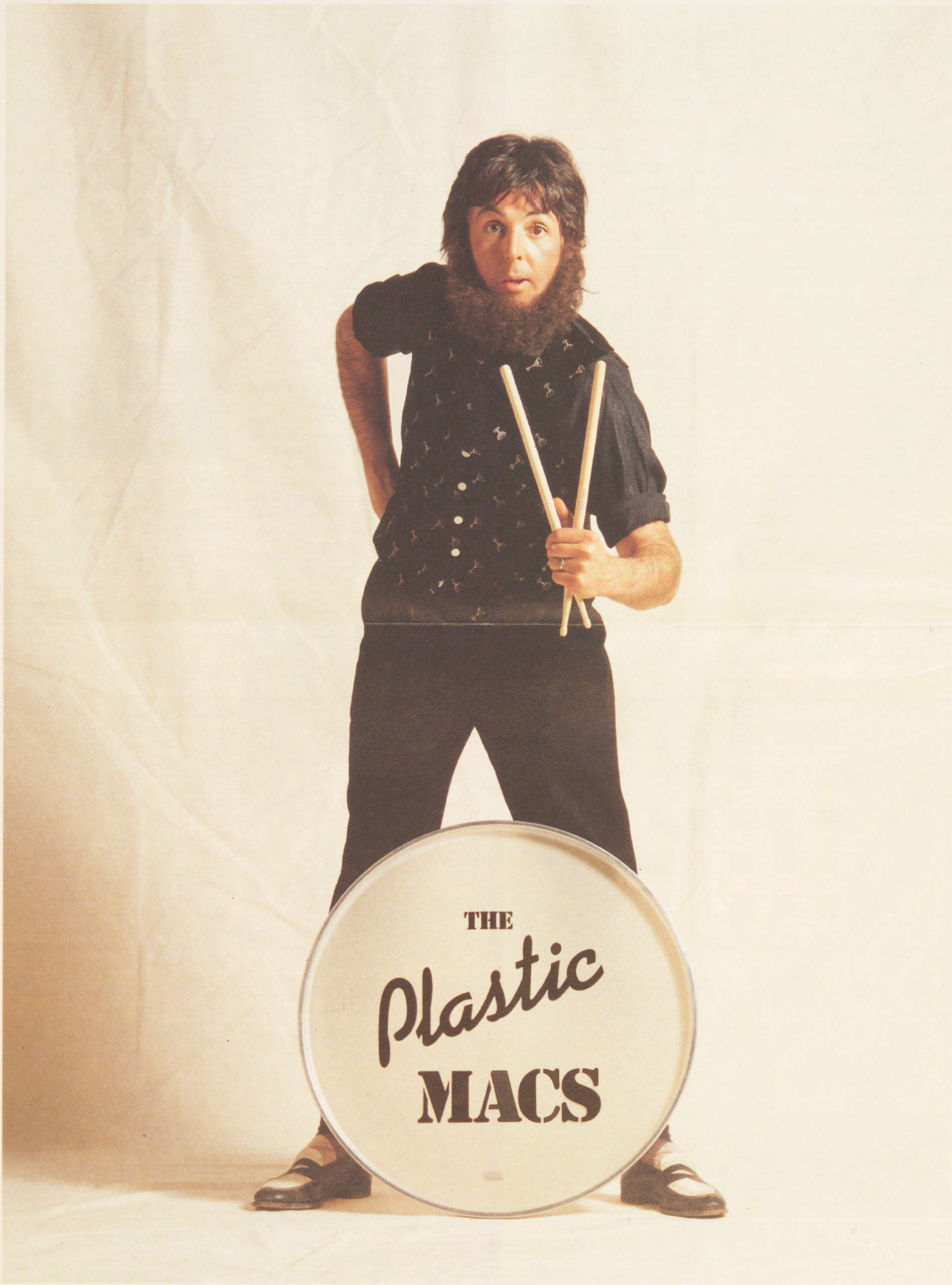
Quite right, Daniel – you can clearly spot a buena vista when you see one. Funnily enough, we're not certain ourselves precisely where it was taken but we think it was either Rome or Milan in October 1989, when the World Tour visited Italy.

Q

I've read a couple of books which mention that Paul hosted a BBC show on 26 December 1973 called *Disney Time*. I would like to know more about it, and if fans will ever be able to view it.
Denise Cohn, New Jersey, USA

For our overseas readers we should explain that *Disney Time* is something of an institution on British television, with an edition broadcast every national holiday for four decades, the compilation of favourite moments from Walt's classic films ensuring a sizeable viewing audience, children and adults alike (and often together). So it was quite an honour for Paul and Linda to be invited to host the Boxing Day 1973 edition. The programmes are not repeated, so the McCartneys' contribution has not been seen for more than 21 years now, and while it might be foolish to say "never" it seems highly unlikely that the programme would ever be commercially issued on video.

IF YOU HAVE A QUESTION THAT YOU'D LIKE ANSWERED SEND IT ALONG TO CLUB SANDWICH, PO BOX 110, WESTCLIFF, ESSEX, SS0 8NW, ENGLAND, MARKING YOUR POSTCARD OR ENVELOPE 'WRITE AWAY' IN THE TOP-LEFT CORNER. WE REGRET THAT WE CANNOT RESPOND OUTSIDE OF THIS COLUMN.



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